



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

As He Sees It

AS HE SEES IT

Dear Editor: Did I say I rejected Italian standards of good literature? Here is what I feel sometimes about our own stuff.

Emanuel Carnevali

MODERN POETRY

I

A wondrous voice is urging me within
And thrills me with a pain, alas! . . .

II

A wondrous voice urges me within
And with a pain thrills me—alas! . . .

III

A wondrous voice
Urges me within
And thrills me
With pain . . .

IV

A wondrous
Voice urges
Me within and
Thrills
Me with a
Pain . . .

V

A voice sings in my throat
And rings like a fever
Through my body
That vibrates with pain.

VI

My throat sings
Like a stiff red silk ribbon.
And my veins shrink
Like teeth
At the sight of a lemon.

VII

The throat shivers
Pain.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Only
Well

VIII

Throat, this I know,
And pain.
Well, I'm sure
About the pain—
The throat and the pain,
Which all rhymes with rain;
But if it's a free verse
It doesn't count.

IX

Throat,
You don't know anything about it.
Pain,
Because I have looked at my throat,
Perhaps my eyes stopped
At the chest—
Chest
Upon
The belly.
Belly
Upon
The legs . . .
Sing a minuet, a minuet, in be sharp—
Be sharp, how can I?
The feet are under the legs and
The corns . . .
Throat?
It's an old platitude, an old commonplace.
You can't force an artist, what do you think?
Modern
Modernity,
Modernism . . .
I am above my throat,
I have a right to forget . . .

X

Nobody home
The poet has left for the asylum.